He's My Type

By: vanquish356

After the events of the movie, Isabela was no longer bound to her Abuela's expectations. She no longer had to be Señorita Perfecta. Isabela was now free to be and discover her true self. And she considered it a good thing as she had her eyes set on Jaune, the only son of the Arc Familia for a while now, who just might be her type.

Status: ongoing

Published: 2024-05-11

Words: 15072

Rated: Fiction K+ - Language: English - Characters: [Jaune A., Isabela M.] - Reviews: 4 - Favs: 25 - Follows: 28

Original source: https://www.fanfiction.net/s/14355154/1/He-s-My-Type

Exported with the assistance of FicHub.net

He's My Type

Introduction
He's My Type

He's My Type

He's My Type

'Okay. Here goes nothing.' Isabela thought, concentrating as she did subtle movements with her hands. Even though she could conjure up or bring any plant or flower to life with a simple flick of the wrist, they were always ones she was at least somewhat familiar with. But the ones Isabela was asked to create, she had only seen twice before in books. Yet, as she went through the moments, Isabela had to mentally remind herself that she no longer had to pass obscenely high expectations placed on her. If she couldn't make it, then it would be okay, and she wouldn't have let anyone down. After a few tense seconds, Isabela opened her eyes and smiled at all the beautiful Dahlia plants she summoned. "There you go, Aaron."

"Gracias, Isabela." Aaron said, smiling as the star-struck children observed the flowers with piqued curiosity.

"You're welcome, Aaron." Isabela said, giggling at the children's expressions.

"Alright. Gather around, niños. Today, thanks to Isabela's help, we will be learning about the different kinds of Dahlia plants in the world." Aaron said as the kids huddled around him while he pointed to one flower in particular. "Currently, there are forty-two accepted species of Dahlia plants in the world."

Smiling, Isabela watched the children listen to their teacher with the utmost joy as he explained the history of the Dahlia plants and told them some other trivial facts about them. Her heart filled with warmth at seeing the wonder and amazement fill the children's eyes as they played with the Dahlia plants without a care in the world. Yet, in the back of her mind and her heart, Isabela could not help but feel slightly jealous as she recalled having to begin to act perfectly from a

very young age. Even though she could be herself now, a small part of her still wished it happened earlier.

"Well, kids. Aaron. It was nice helping you. But I have to go now." Isabela said, clasping her hands while putting on a practiced smile as she did not want to risk souring the mood.

"Alright. Thanks again, Isabela." Aaron said before quickly catching the kid who was about to fall into the flowers. "Oh, before I forget. Will we be seeing you at the Día de los Santos Difuntos?"

"Of course."

"But will we also be seeing someone special?"

"Maybe." Isabela answered, turning to the side to hide her mixed feelings as she left.

Even though it had been roughly a year since the whole event happened, Isabela still felt slightly uncomfortable and uneasy about the sudden arranged marriage proposal to Mariano Guzmán. Plus, the timing had just been the worst for her as she had finally discovered something she hoped to share with the rest of her familia and gain her abuela's approval. And how readily he seemed to have a couple of kids with her caused Isabela to swallow the lump that formed in her throat. While Isabela was uncertain about having kids, she wasn't against having them. But she wanted it to be with someone she meets and falls in love with on her own terms, not her abuela's.

Sighing, Isabela pushed those thoughts to the back and out of her mind. Despite the time that had passed, she still occasionally had to remind herself that she no longer had to be Señorita Perfecta and could finally discover herself. And because of this, along with her abuela apologizing and reconciling with the others, her family's relationships have been improving, with only the occasional tense moment. Once she felt like she was far enough, Isabela reached into her pants pockets, grateful she no longer had to constantly wear

dresses, and pulled out a pocket watch. While she loved all her dresses, Isabela was more than willing to admit they could sometimes be inconvenient or impractical, especially since she was still trying to discover who she really was.

'Alright. It's about to be one.' Isabela thought, putting away the pocket watch. *'The others are preparing a big meal for lunch. I'll just get a snack from the plaza to hold me over.'*

With her mind made up, Isabela began heading to the plaza. However, rather than taking the path through the town to the plaza, Isabela headed to the edge of the village. With a smile, Isabela dashed into the forest. Once she felt like she was a reasonable distance away from the nearby homes/buildings, Isabela raised her hands and began bringing all sorts of flowers, plants, and trees to life. Yet, outside of the typical ones she was used to creating that were native to her land, Isabela tried her hand at creating ones that she had only seen in her books or heard about in the tales her parents told her. And with each new field of flowers she grew, Isabela felt more and more like singing until she couldn't hold it in anymore.

Let's see what I can do,

How far I can go,

What I can do without any more restraints.

No longer shackled,

No more lies,

Now, I am free,

to be what I am,

to see who I am,

and what I can do.

Summoning an ever-growing tree branch before her, Isabela hopped on and magically slid across it. With a flick of her hand, she had it grow faster and in the direction of the plaza. Yet, she also had it take her high into the sky, which gave her a phenomenal view of the village. Once she was high enough, Isabela caused trees to grow to her height and act as a platform to bring even more fields of flowers to her.

But, unlike all the other times before events, none of the flowers' colours matched or even complimented each other. They all contrasted each other greatly, which just gave them a bolder, non-perfect look that made them unique. Isabela then extended her arms so her hands went through the fields of flowers. Each time her fingers brushed against the plants, they released a puff of pollen that highlighted the sky and changed the colour of her clothes. Typically, their pollen was poisonous, yet Isabela saw the change as another way of expressing herself and not having to be perfect or follow all the rules.

Seeing that she was rapidly approaching the plaza, Isabela gained a determined look on her face. Soon, she made the tree branch stop growing a short distance away from her. And right as Isabela reached the edge, she leaped away from the branch and summoned some trees with vines to swing on. But as she jumped, Isabela threw her hands back, causing all the flowers and trees to change to a colour they naturally would not be.

Using the momentum, Isabela kept using the vines to swing closer and closer to the plaza while also slowly getting closer to the floor. After reaching the last vine, she had it swing her with even greater momentum, sending her high into the air. Isabela then twirled twice before landing on the ground, startling some people. But they realized who it was; they began applauding her for her entrance.

"Thanks. And sorry for the jump scare." Isabela said, dusting some of the excess pollen off of herself. She then grabbed some flowers that fell and placed them back in her hair. And again, unlike all those previous times, they were an assortment of flowers rather than just

perfect roses. Yet, after she fixed them and ensured they would not fall out, Isabela noticed the state of her attire. *'Looks like I'll need to wash the clothes again once I get back. I'm still not entirely sure this is my style of wardrobe. But... maybe I could use the pollen to dye some of my old clothes and give them some new life.'*

Mentally storing the idea, Isabela entered the plaza and began looking around at all the stores for something to hold her off until it was time for lunch. After looking around the different stores, both new and old, Isabela settled on getting some pandebono. She then headed to one of the stores that was run by some old family friends.

"Ah, Isabela. Good to see you, dear. How have you been?" A middle-aged lady with fiery red hair asked as she fried some empanadas.

"I'm good, Antonella. And how have you been? And how's the business doing?" Isabela asked, saving the mouth-watering scent of the delicious food.

"Tiring, dear. There just have been so many new customers. But I'm not complaining. It just means more money, which in turn means I can finally afford to renovate the place and buy some new equipment." Antonella answered.

"That's good."

"It is. Anyway. What would you like to order?"

"Can I have some pandebonos?"

"Of course, dear." Antonella said before heading into the backrooms. Isabela heard some clatter for a few seconds before Antonella returned with a bag full of piping hot pandebonos. "Here you go, dear."

"Thanks, Antonella." Isabella said as she paid for her food.

"You're welcome, dear. See you at the festival."

Nodding and smiling, Isabela waved her hand and had some flowers appear in Antonella's hair and in some nearby pots. Antonella took one of the flowers out of her hair and sniffed it before going back to work. Turning around, Isabela began looking around for a place to sit down and enjoy her food. Unfortunately, the place was packed, and no seats were available. There wasn't even enough room for her to create a bench or seat herself.

'Great. It's packed. Well. I guess I'll have to find another spot to eat my food. But where should I go?' Isabela wondered before lighting up as she remembered another location. While it wouldn't be her first choice, the place offered a nice view that allowed her to see all that was happening. Plus, it would allow her to possibly have another encounter. *'Guess I'll go there. Hopefully, we can find some alone time.'*

With her mind made up, Isabela left the plaza and headed toward the spot, hoping he would be there.

Twenty Minutes Later

"Okay." Isabela said as she landed on a hill that overlooked the brand new path that connected the village to the mountains and the outside world. "It's amazing how so much has changed over the past two years."

Despite what the village thought, Isabela and the rest of her family always had a strained relationship because of the expectations Alma placed on them. It had caused a rift between everyone that eventually grew to them lashing out at each other at times. Thankfully, after the events and with Marbel helping bring everything to light, their relationship has been steadily improving.

However, one thing remained on their minds as they were fixing their home. And that was what would happen now that the mountain was split with a path in the center. Initially, Isabela and most of the rest of the family thought nothing would come of it. Yet, that changed when Alma revealed that the magic that granted them their gifts was also

protecting them and keeping the town hidden from the outside world. But, now that the mountain was split, Encanto was now open to the world, and people could come and go as they pleased. And that included the people who forced Alama, her husband, and many others from their homes.

This revelation brought Isabela and the others immense fear as they realized they had no army or group to protect them from invaders. Thankfully, that changed for the most part shortly after. Only two months after the mountain split did the first visitors arrive. But to the Madrigal's surprise, they were refugees who were also soldiers with weapons they had never seen before who offered protection in exchange for a place to stay. And ever since then, they have had numerous other visitors coming to Encanto. While some were other refugees who were also looking for a safe place to live, the rest were traders.

'Thankfully, there was only one hostile group the others took care of.' Isabela thought, glad everything worked out in the end.

Walking over to the top of the hill, Isabela waved her hand to grow a tree that would provide her some shade. She then sat at the base, opened the bag, pulled out a pandebono, and began to eat it. The taste sent her tastebuds to the heavens while the mouth-watering scent washed away any troubles or stress that was in her mind. Extending her legs, Isabela snapped her fingers and had a few tree roots grow from beneath her feet to act as a footstool. Getting comfy, Isabela finished her pandebono, uncaring of the crumbs that fell onto her face or outfit as she no longer had to be or act perfect in every single aspect of her life.

'It feels good to be in control of my life and not have to live up to any ridiculous expectations. It certainly makes it easier to discover who I am and do what I want for a change.' Isabela thought as she finished her snack. Grabbing the napkin from the bag, she cleaned her hands before placing them behind her head. She then yawned as she watched the lines of traders come to and from the village. Checking

the time, she saw that it was nearing one-forty. *'I have some time. Guess I'll take a quick nap before heading back home.'*

"HEY! CAREFUL!" A voice shouted.

'Or not.' Isabela thought, rolling her eyes. Standing up, she looked toward where the voice came from. But to her surprise, while she couldn't see the faces, she could make out the familiar shaggy blonde hair belonging to one. The sight brought a smile to Isabela's face. *'Knew he would be here. I should go say hi... but perhaps another time for the other part.'*

Grabbing her bag, Isabela effortlessly climbed the tree before moving to stand on a branch. She then had a vine grow from the tree before using it to swing to her destination.

Meanwhile

"Careful!" Jaune shouted, annoyed.

"We are." Nora Valkyrie shouted as she effortlessly jumped through the trees and swung from vine to vine.

"Don't worry, Jaune. We'll be back to get you down." Lie Ren said as he chased after his long-time friend.

"Take your time. I'm not going anywhere." Jaune sighed.

Crossing his arms, Jaune pondered how he always ended up in this position when he was in the forest. It did not matter whether he was with his sister or with one of his few friends. He somehow always ended up tangled in vines when they went into the forest around Encanto. And this time was no different.

After dropping off some packages for one of the seamsters in town, Jaune, Nora, and Ren headed back to the port to continue helping everyone bring the stuff the village needed for the upcoming festival. But along the way, Nora had the idea of going through the trees like

the apeman she heard about on a radionovela... whatever that was. Figuring it would be fun and they had nothing to lose, Jaune and Ren agreed. Soon, they were hopping through the trees to their destination. Unfortunately, Jaune got entangled in some vines after only about ten minutes and was now hanging upside down in the tree. Yet, despite his current predicament, he could not help but smile as he watched his friends hop through the trees.

'I'm glad I met them.' Jaune thought, mentally chuckling.

Despite having lived in Encanto his whole life and knowing most of the people here, Jaune only ever had a few friends. Unfortunately, they eventually grew apart and now rarely talk to each other. While Jaune did know the Madrigals, with their families being close... acquaintances, there was just something there stopping them from becoming true friends. Well, for all except one. The last one, Jaune will admit that they got pretty... close. But aside from that, Jaune only had his family.

However, that all changed about three months after the mountains mysteriously split. Jaune had been with his family at the recently built port, helping all the people dock their ships and transport their stuff to the village. But while Jaune was bringing some boxes off the ship, he wondered if he would meet some people around his age as he had only seen grown adults and very young kids so far. Yet, that changed when he bumped into Nora and Ren.

Initially, it was a bit tense and awkward between them as Nora and Ren were pretty reserved and always seemed to be on guard for anything. At first, Jaune thought it was because they were in a foreign land and didn't know anyone. Yet, that changed when Jaune eventually learned their reason for taking an interest in and coming to Encanto. But after learning that and a few awkward meetings later, they quickly became close, almost inseparable friends. Now, after a year, they began to feel like family in a sense.

"Hopefully, they will be back soon. I don't feel like passing out again from all the blood rushing into my head." Jaune said when he could

no longer see Ren and Nora. Sighing, Jaune rolled his shoulders to relieve some tension in his shoulders. "I wonder how long before they return."

"Need a hand?" A voice asked. Looking 'up,' Jaune smiled at who he saw as it was the person he got quite close with over the past couple of years standing on a tree branch.

"Hey, Isabela." Jaune said, doing his best not to blush. "And no. I'm good."

"Are you sure?" Isabela asked, smirking as she crossed her arms. "I don't think someone's face is supposed to turn green like that."

"Uh..."

"Nor have unfocused eyes. Probably because of all the blood rushing to their heads." Isabela said, bringing up her left hand and acting like she was examining her nails. Yet, her gaze never left Jaune. But, in the back of her mind, she felt a tinge of fear about what her family might think.

"Or pass out. So... yeah. I need a hand." Jaune said, feeling his vision go in and out. "Can you help me?"

"Sure." Isabela said. She then waved her hand to cause the vines to grow and lower Jaune to the floor. Isabela then jumped to the ground, walked over to Jaune, and began to untangle him before pulling him to his feet.

"Thanks, Isabela." Jaune said, doing his best not to fall over as his vision refocused. But once it did, both realized they were still holding hands, causing them to blush. Yet rather than pulling away immediately, they let the touch linger before slowly taking a step back.

"You're welcome, Jaune." Isabela said, coughing to clear her throat. "So, what brought you here?"

"I was helping some of the villagers and visitors bring the supplies from the ships to the village."

"And the getting stuck in the vines part?" Isabela asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Well, I was with my friends, and we were heading back to the port when she suggested we were heading there by hopping through the trees. And somehow, I got entangled in the vines."

"Eh, that happens. I got entangled in some vines a few times when I was first learning how to control my gift."

"I can imagine. But now you got better and can create pretty much anything you desire."

"Well, almost. There's still a lot I can't do or don't know how to do yet."

"Don't worry. I'm sure you'll get the hang of it eventually."

"Thanks, Jaune." Isabela said, smiling.

"You're welcome. Now, if you will excuse me, I have to head to the port and finish helping deliver the packages."

"Why the rush? Do you have something to do later?" Isabela asked, wondering if now would be the best time or if she should wait. Plus, she wondered, depending on what Jaune's answer was, if they could hang out later.

"Well, yes and no. My family and I are having lunch in a bit. But it's a special one, and that's all they told me about it. They just said to be home before four."

"My family is having a big lunch as well around the same time." Isabela said before checking the time on her pocket watch. "It's about to be two. So you have a little time."

"True. But we both know how time can fly."

"Oh. Don't get me started on that. I remember a few months ago when I was experimenting with what else I could do with my gifts. I started around seven in the morning, and before I knew it, it was six in the afternoon."

"Yeah. Why does the time go by so fast?"

"I remember reading somewhere that it goes by fast because we're having fun or not paying attention to it. That's why we lose track of it, thus making it seem like time flies."

"Maybe. After all, it does seem to crawl when we're not having fun or having to do some chores." Jaune said, shrugging.

"True." Isabela said. "Anyway. Mind if I tag along?"

"Sure." Jaune said, smiling. Even though it would just be for a little bit and just to help deliver the rest of the shipments to the town, Jaune wasn't going to pass up a chance to hang out with Isabela.

Nodding, Jaune dusted himself off before the two of them moved to go back to the main path. They then made their way to the port. But as they walked, Isabela and Jaune began talking and catching up with each other. They talked about everything they had done recently, all the new things they had seen from visitors, which included something called an aerosol spray can. Yet, after a bit, their conversation somehow moved to talking about their familias. Even though their families were close friends, they did not hang out as much as one would think. Nevertheless, having a lot of siblings gave them a lot to talk about.

"And, despite all the visitors warning them not to, my two oldest sisters tried these habanero peppers they gave us. For the first few seconds, nothing happened. But that changed not soon after when they started screaming, saying their mouths were on fire. They then began running around the port, drinking anything in hopes of putting

out their burning tongues." Jaune said, causing the both of them to laugh.

"Oh my. I wish I were there to see that." Isabela said, covering her mouth as she laughed. "Did they manage to stop the burning?"

"No. They were running around, trying everything to stop the burning. It only stopped when the visitors gave them some lemonade and milk. But they had to drink like a gallon of it before finally finding relief."

"I don't think your sisters will ever trust food again after that." Isabela said, snickering.

"Nope. Now, they always check to see if their food has habaneros."

"I wouldn't blame them for always checking their food after that. But do you think you can handle those peppers?"

"Nooo. I can barely handle a jalapeño. And those guys said that a habanero was one hundred times hotter." Jaune said, surprising a shiver. "But what about you? Do you think you can handle it?"

"Probably not. Pero mi madre and Luisa might be able to handle it."

"Could she still use them to heal people using her gift?" Jaune asked, curious.

"I'm not sure. But probably." Isabela said, placing her hand on her chin and thinking it over. "Although, she would need to practice making some recipes and experiment to see how she could lower the spiciness so others can handle it."

"Do you think you can grow some with your gift?"

"I'm not entirely sure. Probably, but I would need to know what they look like or a bit about them."

"Still. I'm amazed at what you can do with your gift, Isabela. I'm sure, with a bit of practice, you can create any plant life you can think of. Heck, I'm pretty sure you can bring back some plants and trees that no longer exist."

"While I appreciate the confidence in my abilities, Jaune. I doubt I can bring extinct plants back." Isabela said, smiling. Jaune also smiled yet blushed a bit at the same time.

They then entered a comfortable silence as they continued heading to the port. Soon, they reached the split mountains. While it would not mean much to most, outside of wondering how it happened to Isabela, she smiled a sad yet grateful smile at what it meant to her family, especially her grandmother. Alma was finally able to properly mourn her husband and come to terms with the past, while the rest of the family came to understand why Alma was the way she was. It finally allowed them to heal the cracks and become closer as a true family. Granted, it did not happen overnight. It took them months to get where they were now, and they still had a long way to go. Yet, Isabela was confident they would be able to overcome any new obstacles that would come their way.

"Everything okay, Isabela?" Jaune asked, snapping Isabela from her thoughts. Looking toward him, Isabela realized that he was on top of one of the few rocks in the patch and was stretching out his hand to help her up.

"Yeah. Everything is fine. Just thinking." Isabela said before creating a small tree to lift her to the height of the rock. Yet, once it did, she grabbed Jaune's hand to step on the rock. "And thanks for the hand."

"No problem." Jaune said, blushing. "And what were you thinking about?"

"The festival." Isabela lied. Even though she trusted Jaune a lot, there were a few things she wanted to keep within the family. At least for now, anyway. *'But maybe one day in the future, I will tell him.'*

"Right. The Día de los Santos Difuntos is happening. I can't wait to see your opening performance, Isabela. I know it's going to be a spectacle."

"Oh, it will. I can guarantee you that."

"Can you give me a hint of what you got planned?"

"Nope."

"Oh, come on. Not even a tiny hint?"

Rather than answering, Isabela summoned a tree vine to loosely wrap around her mouth. She then made a shrugging motion while pointing at her mouth and winking. Seeing this caused Jaune to cross his arms and pout while looking away. Yet, he could not burst out laughing a second later, with Isabela joining right after as the vine went back into the ground.

However, as they calmed down and resumed walking, Isabela could not help but look at Jaune. Objectively speaking, Jaune wasn't the most handsome, strongest, or even the smartest. Honestly, many would say he was just average all around. Yet, there was just something about his dorky nature and how caring, open-minded, and imaginative he was that drew Isabela toward him.

'I wonder what would have happened if the arranged marriage announcement to Mariano hadn't happened dinner and I brought up Jaune. I wonder how the others would react, especially Alma.' Isabela wondered. *'I don't think they would have taken it too well, especially Alma. And even now, after all that's happened, I don't think they would take it too well. But hopefully, they will accept it. Well, if Jaune agrees to be in a relationship with me.'*

"Well, we're here." Jaune said, snapping Isabela from her thoughts.

"Alright." Isabela said, looking around and admiring all the new things she saw. Even though Encanto was beautiful and a miracle in

itself, Isabela could not help but be amazed at all the different things that had been coming to the village. "So where are the-"

"JAUNE!" A voice shouted, cutting her off. Turning to where it came from, they saw Nora and Ren running toward them.

"How have you and Ren and Nora been getting along?" Isabela asked, curious.

"We've been getting along great. We're pretty close now. They honestly feel like family at times." Jaune answered.

"That's good." Isabela said as Nora and Ren reached them.

"Jaune! Are you okay? What happened? How did you get out of the tree?" Nora asked, slightly worried and curious. She then noticed Isabela and turned to her. "Oh. Hey, Isabela."

"Hello, Ms. Madrigal." Ren said, giving her a light nod.

"Hello, Ren. Hey, Nora." Isabela said, smiling. "And you know you can call me by my first name, Ren."

"Alright."

"So, how did you get out of the vines, Jaune?" Nora asked.

"Isabela helped me. She used her gift to have the vines lower me to the ground before helping me get out of them." Jaune answered.

"Thanks for helping our friend, Isabela." Ren said.

"Yeah. Just because Jauney has his aura doesn't mean we want to see our best friend get hurt." Nora added.

"You're welcome." Isabela said.

"Forgive me for asking. But why are you here?" Ren asked with a critical eye.

"Ren." Jaune warned.

"It's fine, Jaune." Isabela said, smiling at him. While she might have been annoyed if a few others had asked her that, she knew the reason why Ren had asked this, as she had also learned a bit about their past. "I asked Jaune if I could tag along. Plus, I offered to help a bit."

"Oh. Okay." Ren said, relaxing his stance.

"So, where are the rest of the boxes?" Jaune asked.

"Over there." Ren said, pointing toward the edge of the pier where thirty large wooden boxes were.

"Alright. Then we better get started."

"Already started, Jaune-Jaune." Nora said as she effortlessly picked up eight boxes.

"No need for that, Nora. I did say I was going to help." Isabela said before snapping her fingers. Several massive trees appeared from the ground, with vines growing out of them that moved to grab the boxes and place them on land. Isabela then waved her hand, causing the trees to disappear while four giant intertwined tree roots emerged from the ground. "There. Now, we just need to place the boxes on the roots. Then I'll have the roots grow and carry the boxes to the village."

"This will definitely speed things up. Thanks, Isabela." Jaune said.

"You're welcome, Jaune." Isabela said as they picked up the boxes and placed them on the roots.

Ninety Minutes Later

"Thanks again, Isabela." Ren said as they placed the last of the boxes inside a baker's store before leaving the store.

"You're welcome." Isabela said. "Will you two be attending the Día de los Santos Difuntos festival?"

"Of course." Nora excitedly said.

"But unfortunately, we won't be able to stay for the entire festival as we have a few other things to do." Ren added. And from his tone, they immediately understood.

"Well. See you later, guys." Jaune said.

"See you." Isabela said.

"See you, Jaune. See you, Isabela." Nora said while Ren nodded his goodbye. They then left.

"I'm glad you made some friends, Jaune." Isabela said.

"Thanks, Isabela." Jaune said. "By the way, what time is it?"

"It is about to be three-thirty."

"Alright. I have some time then. Want me to walk you home?"

"Oh. Aren't you the gentleman, Jaune?" Isabela asked, chuckling at Jaune's blushing face. Yet, even though she didn't like how and why she had to learn how to keep a straight, smiling face despite the situation, Isabela was glad she did, as it allowed her to avoid blushing.

"I... Uh- I" Jaune stuttered.

"But sure. I would love for you to walk me home." Isabela said, doing her best to keep her composure at Jaune being a stuttering mess. But after a moment, he coughed to clear his regain himself.

"Alright."

Chuckling some more, they turned around and began making their way to Casa Madrigal. However, unlike how it's typically done, Isabela noticed she and Jaune were walking a bit closer than usual. For a moment, she considered grabbing Jaune's hand as they walked but figured that would be pushing things a bit too much. So, Isabela settled on walking close to him.

"Oh, by the way, Isabela. Where did you get your outfit?" Jaune suddenly asked.

"My outfit?" Isabela asked, confused. "What do you mean?"

"It's so beautiful. I love all the different colours and how nicely they contrast one another."

"I'm not-OH! Right. I forgot." Isabela said, now understanding and remembering. "Well, I was using my gift to take a shortcut through the forest to get to the plaza. And as I was making my way there, I brushed my hands through some fields of flowers, causing them to let out some puffs of pollen, which stained my clothes and gave them this new look."

"Well, I like it. It really does suit you."

"It is a bit messy, though. But yeah, I like it as well." Isabela said, looking herself over again before gaining an idea. "Maybe, if you're up for it, we can get some old clothes or clothes nobody wants and give them some new life. We can even test the extent of how well the pollen colours the clothes and see what other plants we can use instead of the pollen."

"Sure. I would love to help you. My family has some old clothes we can try. I would need to patch them up, though."

"And my familia has some spare clothes we haven't worn in a while."

"If all goes well, we can even donate them to the people who need them."

"Right. I'm sure they would appreciate it." Isabela agreed, loving Jaune's caring nature and how he always puts others before himself.

"So, when should we do it?" Jaune asked as they reached the Casa Madrigal house.

"The festival is this Friday? So how about Sunday? That would give us some time to recover and clean up the mess that's sure to come."

"True."

"Anyway. Thanks for walking me home, Jaune."

"You're welcome, Isabela." Jaune said, smiling. They then entered a semi-uncomfortable silence as they did not know what to say and weren't sure if they should say what was on their minds. After a moment, Jaune broke the silence by coughing to clear his throat. "Well. I'll see you at the festival, Isabela."

"Right. See you, Jaune." Isabela said, also smiling. Nodding, Jaune turned and was about to leave but stopped dead in his tracks when he heard his father's voice.

"YOU'RE NOT LEAVING RIGHT NOW, ARE YOU MIJO!?" Jaune's father shouted. Turning around, Jaune and Isabela were surprised to see the rest of the Arc Familia walking toward them.

'The Arc Familia? I guess that's why the others said they were preparing a big meal for lunch since they invited the Arc Familia over.' Isabela thought. However, she became slightly nervous and confused when she noticed all of Jaune's sisters glaring at her. *'Uh. Why are they glaring at me like that?'*

"Hey, Dad. Hey, guys. What are you-WOAH!" Jaune began before shouting when his sisters pulled him away from Isabela to them in the blink of an eye. Isabela even had to blink a few times to process what had just happened.

"Jaune. Are you okay, hermano?" Jaune's oldest sister, Sofia, asked as she and the others examined their brother for any bruises or scratches. Yet, they hardly ever took their eyes off of Isabela.

'I still have a hard time believing Jaune has seven hermanas. I know my family is big, but that is from three generations.' Isabela thought.

"Yes. I'm fine." Jaune said, chuckling. "But what are you guys doing here? I thought we were going to have lunch?"

"We are." Jaune's mother answered, lifting the massive pot in her hands. It was then that Jaune noticed the other pots and dishes his family was carrying. But before he could say anything, another voice interjected.

"That's because, after so long, we finally decided to reconcile and be like how we were so long ago." The voice explained. Looking toward it, they saw that it came from the Madrigal's matriarch, Alma. "And we decided the first step was to have lunch together and catch up."

"Hello, Abuela." Isabela said, smiling.

"Hola mi hermosa nieta." Alma said, smiling.

"Hello, Mrs. Madrigal." Jaune said, finally breaking away from his sisters' grasp.

"Hello, Mr. Arc. It's good to see you again."

"It's good to see you again, Alma. How have you been?" Jaune's mother asked.

"Tired, but in a good way. So much has happened these past few years that has opened my eyes to so many things. Now, everything has been getting better."

"That's wonderful." Sofia Arc said, smiling.

"It truly is." Alma said, smiling at Isabela, grateful that her family was now genuinely close. They still had a lot to go through, but she knew it would be worth it. "I just wish Pedro was here with us."

"Well, I am sure wherever he is, he is looking out for you and your family." Jaune's father said.

"And that he is happy about how far you and your family have come." Jaune's mother added.

"Thank you, Arcs." Alma said, smiling. Yet, she internally regretted what happened long ago that ended up severing their friendship with each other.

"Now. Where are the rest of the Madrigals?" Jaune's father asked, clapping his hands together while letting out a hearty laugh.

"They are inside. The kids are in their rooms while Augustin, Felix, Bruno, Pepe, and Julieta are setting up the table as we speak."

"And what of Augustin? Is the poor dear still accident-prone?" Jaune's mother asked.

"He is with Mirabel in her room. He's helping her decorate it." Alma said, smiling and grateful that her granddaughter had opened her eyes to everything she was doing. "And yes. He is still accident-prone. I sometimes wonder if he got cursed. But either way, he's still part of the family, and we love him all the same."

"Excellent. Now, let's get going. I'm sure we are all getting hungry." Jaune's father said.

Nodding, everyone headed inside Casa Madrigal, with the house showing its greeting by making the entrance wider so everyone could enter simultaneously. However, Isabela and Jaune became confused when the Arc sisters pulled Jaune to the other side away from Isabela. They were both perplexed and could only give each

other a shrug as an answer. However, their attention shifted once they reached the dining room and saw the rest of the Madrigals.

And as expected from friends who hadn't seen each other in a long time, everyone cheered and greeted each other. Everyone was talking and catching up. The commotion soon caught the attention of the rest of the Madrigal family, who came down to see what was happening. To say they were shocked would be an understatement. They were excited to see their old friends again. However, they did have to tone down their conversations a bit when Dolores began covering her ears since her super hearing made every sound ten times louder.

But once introductions and greetings were out of the way, the Madrigals headed to the kitchen to bring out the food while the Arcs placed the food they brought on the table. Once everything was set, they all took their seats, with Jaune and Isabela moving to sit next to each other. However, before they could do so, Sofia grabbed Jaune and forced him to sit next to their parents while Coral Arc sat where Jaune was about to sit. They were, again, confused by this but ultimately decided not to dwell on it since they were about to eat. Plus, they figured it was just his sisters wanting him to be at the center.

"This looks magnificent!" Jaune's father shouted at a lower volume so as not to hurt Dolores.

"And it tastes amazing, too." Camilo said, devouring his tamales.

"And thankfully, no habaneros." Amber and Azure said, checking their food as they did not want to go through that horrifying experience again.

"So, how have you all been?" Jaune's mother asked.

"Tired." The Madrigals said.

"Because of the festival?" Sofia asked.

"Yes. There's just so much to prepare. And if it's not one thing, it's another. Then, sometimes, we have to take out one thing and replace it with another. And don't even get me started when something comes broken." Pepe began, her emotions causing winds to form inside the house.

"Pepe. Mi armor. Calm down. Everything is fine. Everything is set. All that's left are the final preparations, which are being taken care of as we speak." Felix said, calming his wife down.

"But what about the performers?"

"Don't worry. I just received a message from the performers saying they will arrive by midnight tonight."

"And our daughter's performance?"

"It's all taken care of. Everything is ready. But, if you want, I can go down later to check."

"Thank you, dear." Pepe said before kissing her husband.

"That reminds me." Amber said, turning to Dolores. "I heard you and Mariano had gotten engaged recently! Congratulations!"

"Yeah. We recently got engaged." Dolores said, bringing up her hand to show the ring on her finger.

"Marvelous." Jaune's father shouted.

"When's the wedding?" Jaune's mother shouted.

"We don't know yet. But we plan on having it in spring next year when it's a bit cooler." Dolores answered.

"Well, we hope you have a great future together." Jaune said.

"Thanks, Jaune."

"Speaking of lovers. Do you have one, Jaune?" Camilo asked with a mischievous smirk. Yet, it disappeared when some of the older Madrigals gave him a warning glance.

"Uh..." Jaune began, glancing at Isabela, who, unbeknownst to him, caught it. However, before he could answer, his sisters did it for him.

"No. Our little hermano is not in a relationship." Sofia quickly said.

"And he won't be for some time." Amber said before quickly adding. "Well, probably since he's mostly been hanging out with Nora and Ren."

'Why do they seem to be so against Jaune being in a relationship?' Isabela silently wondered.

"True. We have been hanging out a lot ever since they arrived in Encanto." Jaune said.

"They are the ones with semblances, right?" Luisa asked, curious.

"Yup."

"You're so lucky to have a semblance, Jaune. I heard that it is extremely rare." Antonio said, amazement in his voice.

"It is rare. And I am grateful to have it. It certainly does help... in certain situations." Jaune said, recalling how he and his friends got hurt a few times. Thankfully, his semblance allowed him to heal himself and others so that their injuries disappeared.

"I'm sure it does." Alma said. "But speaking of your friends. How are they settling in? It has been a couple of months since I was last able to check in on them."

"They're settling in fine. We did have to help them repair the roof since the recent storm showed there was a leak there."

"Alright, and thank you for repairing it."

"You're welcome."

"So, what else has been happening?" Mirabel asked, curious.

"Emerald actually got a job as the principal at one of the new schools." Jaune's mother answered.

"That's great. Education is always important." Julieta said.

"Just make sure those kids also get enough exercise." Luisa said.

"I will. But do you have any tips on dealing with kids in general?"

"Oh, do we. However, the two most important ones are patience and remembering you're dealing with kids." Agustín answered.

"And that coffee is your friend." Jaune's mother added, causing everyone to chuckle.

They continued to talk about everything that had happened recently and all the plans they had for and after the festival. And as they conversed, they ate their food and relished the taste. While some of the foods were native to Encanto, most of the foods were brought from overseas by the visitors. Yet, it just made the experience all the better as they felt any stress from the day fade away, probably because of Julieta's gift.

Hours Later

Isabela's Room

'Till the day we are free, we won't slow down. We are never stopping, never slowing down until we reach the end.' Isabela thought, humming along to a song she had heard last week at the port.

Currently, she was eating some Arroz con leche while staring out the window of her room the house adjusted for her. However, despite the dessert calming her down, Isabela still felt a whirlwind of emotions

inside of her. Even though it was dark out, the light provided by the lamps was enough for her to make out the Arc Familia's house. And the faint light coming from some of the widows told her that some of them were still awake.

Sighing, Isabela put down her spoon before rubbing her face. She then leaned back and fell off the window sill with a bed of flowers growing underneath her to catch her fall. Despite the time that had passed and no longer having to live up to Alma's crazy expectations, Isabela was still worried about what the rest of her family would think about her feelings for Jaune. Granted, even though she wasn't one hundred percent sure Jaune was her type, she was positive he might be the one. She already had some feelings for him, after all. But just because the Madrigals were friends with the Arc Familia did not mean her family would approve of them getting together.

'Still. As the book said, nothing ventured, nothing gained.' Isabela thought as she got comfy on the bed while having a vine grow to grab her dessert and bring it to her. *'Maybe, until I can figure out how my family would react, I can keep my feelings and possible relationship with Jaune a secret. But that just leaves two questions. Would Jaune be in a relationship with me, and when should I ask him?'*

BOOM

'Huh. Well, I guess signs come in all forms. Maybe after my performance during the festival, I can pull Jaune to the side and talk to him.' Isabela thought after seeing a firework explode in the sky. While it might have just been an accident during preparation, it did give her the idea she needed. Now, all that was left was to prepare for the festival. Yet, as Isabela jumped off the bed of flowers and raced to practice some more, she could not help but feel her heart rate quicken as a million questions ran through her mind. However, Isabela pushed them all to the side as she knew worrying about them would accomplish nothing. Only time would give her answers.

Two Days Later

Bell Tower

Ten PM

"Alright. We're here." Jaune said as he, Nora, and Ren arrived at their seats near where the event was supposed to start.

Granted, by 'near,' they meant about half a kilometer away from the bell tower. Thankfully, the seats they had allowed them to see over the crowd to see the performers. Checking the time, Jaune saw that the event was only a few moments away from starting. Putting away the wristwatch that he brought from one of the traders, Jaune turned to look at his friends and smiled at their excited faces. Well, Nora had an excited face, while Ren's was stoic as ever. Yet, the glint in his eyes told Jaune that he was also excited.

"Thanks again, Jaune, for getting us these seats." Ren said, smiling at how excited and impatient Nora was for the show.

"Yeah. Thanks, Jaune." Nora said.

"You're welcome." Jaune said.

"Where's the rest of your family?"

"Oh. My parents and sisters are with the Madrigals. And they are on the other side."

"Alright."

"Hey. It's starting." Ren said, getting their attention.

Turning to the Bell Tower, they noticed that anything providing light was turned off, causing nearly everything to be shrouded in darkness. However, that changed a moment later when they heard a whistling sound. Looking toward where it was coming from, they could faintly make out a firework streaking high into the night sky. Once it reached its apex, it exploded into a dazzling image that also lit up the Bell Tower.

Yet, once it did, Ren, Jaune, Nora, and everyone else in attendance could see about one hundred performers dressed up in their outfits with their faces painted to look like skulls. Each of them had various instruments, but most had drums. Soon, as the light from the firework began to fade, the performers lit up numerous torches to illuminate the area.

"ARE YOU READY!?" Isabela shouted as she appeared on top of the Bell Tower.

'I wonder what Isabela is going to do?' Jaune wondered. Yet, he could not help but admire how beautiful Isabela looked. *'She looks so free and amazing.'*

"LET'S GET STARTED!"

Closing her eyes, Isabela breathed in and out a few times as she readied herself. Her eyes then snapped open as a determined look formed on her face. Isabela then spun in a circle before raising her hands into the air, causing numerous marigolds and other beautiful flowers to grow on and around the Bell Tower. But she did not stop there. Isabela then hopped around the top of the Bell Tower, carefully and elegantly creating flowers to grow close and around the spectators. Once she finished, the band members who had drums began to play, with the rest following shortly after.

With every passing second, the music became faster and louder. Pretty soon, everyone in attendance began dancing and moving to the beat. Isabela had the flowers change colours to match the speed of the song. After a couple of minutes, as the first song was coming to an end, a couple of other workers arrived and placed several large fountain fireworks around the edge of the performance area. They lit the fuses before making a hasty exit. Once the flames reached the fountain, sparks erupted that went about ten meters into the sky. All the spectators could not help but feel in awe at how stunning everything looked. Yet, despite all that was happening, Jaune's gaze was still on Isabela as she danced atop the Bell Tower.

Knowing what was about to happen, Isabela waved her hands and had three dozen plants that could shoot pollen grow on the sides of the Bell Tower. Soon, the song ended with the dancers stopping. Everyone wondered what was happening but got their answer when they heard several whistling sounds. Yet, unlike the first one, when these exploded, they were bright enough to light up all of Encanto, with the resulting sparks creating dazzling images.

But as the first set of fireworks began to fade, many more were launched to take their place and create new stunning images. And as more fireworks were sent streaming into the sky, the bands started playing again while the dancers moved in sync with the song. Meanwhile, Isabela danced atop the Bell Tower. With every flick of her hand or wave of her arm, she changed the colours of all the plants to match or contrast the colours of the fireworks.

"This is amazing." Nora shouted as everyone enjoyed the show.

"It is." Jaune agreed, his gaze never leaving Isabela.

Unfortunately, all good things must come to an end. Soon, the music and dancing started to wind down. Knowing this, Isabela flicked her hands to have the flowers that could spew pollen do so. But with every wave and firework exploding, she had them change colour. Very quickly, the falling pollen began to look like a rainbow. After a couple of minutes, lots of fireworks could be heard streaking high into the sky. Hearing this, Isabela summoned a vine. She then jumped off the Bell Tower and used the vine to slow and guide her descent to the ground. As she passed all the flowers she summoned, Isabela had them change colours to match the fireworks as they exploded. After landing on the ground, Isabela straightened up and threw her arms up into the air to change all the plants' colours to match a sunrise as the final firework exploded.

"WOOOH!" Everyone cheered as Isabela and the rest of the performers took a bow.

"Thank you, everyone. We hope you enjoy the rest of the festival." Isabela said after someone gave her a microphone.

"We will be taking a short break before resuming." The leader musician said as the performers left the area.

"That was amazing." Nora said.

"It sure was, especially Isabela's performance." Jaune said.

"But I can tell you it's going to be a nightmare to clean up the pollen." Ren said, with the others agreeing.

"Too bad none of the Madrigals have a gift to control water." Nora said.

"Or our semblances being able to speed up the cleaning process." Jaune said.

"But now that the opening act is over let's get something to snack on." Ren said.

"Sure." Nora and Jaune said.

They then navigated through the massive crowd to get to the plaza. However, as they were making their way there, Jaune felt something tap his shoulder. Looking around, Jaune thought that someone must have just bumped into him since there was hardly space to move around. Yet, that changed when he noticed the vine behind him. Jaune wondered how he had missed that but got his answer when another vine suddenly grew from the ground and pointed toward the forest. And even though he could barely see through the crowd, Jaune saw Isabela waving him over while making subtle gestures to come alone.

"Is everything alright, Jaune?" Nora asked, snapping him from his thoughts.

"Yeah. Everything is fine." Jaune answered. "Listen. I just need to check in with my family and see how they are doing and let them know I'm alright. You guys go on ahead, and I'll catch up in a bit."

"Alright. But be careful, Jaune." Nora said before turning around and running to catch up with Ren.

Once she was out of sight, Jaune made his way toward the village's edge. After exiting the crowd, Jaune looked around for Isabela and spotted her a short distance away, standing by some homes. Spotting him, Isabela smiled while making a shushing gesture before motioning for him to follow her. Nodding, Jaune sped up a bit to catch up to her before matching her pace.

"So..." Jaune began once they were far enough from the village that nobody would hear them. But despite that, they kept walking along the village's edge. "Why did you call me?"

"I wanted to talk with you, Jaune." Isabela answered.

"Alright. What did you want to talk about?"

'Here goes.' Isabela thought, silently thanking that book she found that gave her some pointers. "About us."

"What do you mean?" Jaune asked, confused.

"I'm just going to come out and say it. I like you, Jaune. I like you a lot. As in more than a friend."

"Really? You do?" Jaune asked, blushing, as he was not expecting that.

"Yes. I honestly don't know when it started. But I can tell you it was a while ago."

"Wow." Jaune said, surprised but in a good way. "Well, Isabela. I like you a lot too. I have for a while."

"Really?" Isabela asked, excited.

"Yup. I just kept it to myself since I didn't know how you felt about me, and I didn't want to possibly ruin our friendship."

'Well. That went easier than I expected.' Isabela thought. "So it seems like we both like each other more than just friends."

"It seems like it." Jaune said, feeling his heart rate quicken as he eagerly waited for Isabela's response. Yet, he could not help but feel a tinge of fear well up within him.

"So, what do you say, Jaune? Do you want to get together?" Isabela asked, eagerly anticipating Jaune's answer.

"Yes." Jaune answered, smiling, causing Isabela to smile as well. They stayed like that for a moment, unsure of what to say or do next, yet enjoying the moment all the same. "So... what now?"

"Well, since we are now together." Isabela began, loving how that sounded. "How about we go on a date? The festival is still going on."

"That sounds nice. Sure." Jaune said. And before he realized what he was doing, he extended his hand out to Isabela. She giggled at his surprised look when he realized what he had just done. Yet, before he could pull back or say anything, Isabela grabbed his hand and intertwined their fingers.

"Then let's get going." Isabel said, calming Jaune's nerves. Nodding, Jaune calmed down and gently squeezed Isabela's hand before they both headed back to the festival. However, as they neared the village and could hear the music again, Isabela remembered something important. But before she could bring it up, Jaune inadvertently did.

"Should we tell our families that we are together now?"

'I know I don't like hiding things from my familia. But I think it would be for the best... at least for now, until I feel more confident about

how they would react. Plus, there's his sisters, who I still don't know why they looked at me like I was going to hurt Jaune.' Isabela thought. "No. Let's keep to ourselves for now. But we will eventually. I don't think they would react mainly because of all the stress of setting everything up for the festival."

"Alright. And we should probably keep it a secret from my familia as well since they might not take it that well."

"What about your friends?" Isabela asked, curious.

"We're trying to keep it a secret. And while Ren can keep a secret, Nora can't. And she's the only one who can get Ren to spill all the secrets he knows."

"Alright." Isabela said as they arrived. "So what do you want to do first?"

"How about we get something to eat?"

"Sure."

Smiling, Jaune and Isabela headed to the plaza to grab something to eat. Thankfully, by the time they had arrived, most of the crowd had left to go see the other performances happening. And even more thankful for Jaune, he spotted Nora and Ren leaving just as they arrived. After grabbing some Salpicón de Frutas, they sat on some vines that Isabela had summoned and began to talk about anything that crossed their minds.

Once they finished their food, they tossed out the trash before heading to join in on the festivities. And as the night progressed, Jaune and Isabela continued partaking in all the games and traditions. Even though it might not seem like much, they immensely enjoyed it. And being able to do it together only enhanced the experience. But as it got later and later, both silently wondered when they would be able to tell their families about their newfound relationship.

One Week Later

Near a Lake

"Okay. Are you ready, Jaune?" Isabela asked.

"Ready." Jaune answered as he adjusted the goggles on his face. Even the pollen wasn't poisonous, thanks to Isabela making the plants that way; it would still sting a lot if they got in his eyes.

"Alright. Here goes."

Summoning a new batch of plants, Isabela had them spray their pollen onto Jaune, who was wearing some old clothing. And even though he was wearing protection and trusted Isabela, Jaune could not help but close his eyes and brace himself as the pollen hit him. After a few seconds, he opened his eyes and saw Isabela giving him a nod, saying it was over. Removing his goggles, he looked himself over and liked what he saw.

"Nice. Great job, Isabela." Jaune said as she approached.

"Thanks, Jaune. So, what do you think about this colour choice?"

"Hmm. It wouldn't be my first choice, but I like it." Jaune answered. "Although. The pants could be a different colour."

"True. Maybe I will go for a different shade of brown next time."

"Alright." Jaune said as he went behind some rocks to change into his regular outfit. He then left and placed the newly colored clothes in their respective piles. "So, what do you want me to wear next?"

"Actually, let's take a break. I'm getting a bit hungry."

"Sure. I could go for a break as well."

Nodding, Isabela went to the side of the river, away from their work, and created a bed of flowers for them to lie on. Meanwhile, Jaune

grabbed the picnic basket and brought it over to the bed. Isabel collapsed onto the bed, letting out a content sigh while Jaune dug into the basket and grabbed their food. He then gave Isabel her food before grabbing his food and lying down next to her. And almost immediately, they grabbed each other's hand as they ate their food.

"So, how has life been going on your end, Jaune?" Isabela asked.

"A bit chaotic, but that's a given living with seven hermanas and one friend who has limitless energy." Jaune answered. "But other than that, it has been relatively calm."

"That's good."

"What about you?"

"Not much since we've been taking it easy and resting from preparing and cleaning up after the festival." Isabela answered. "Oh. Antonio is going to school next year."

"Oh, that's nice. Which school is he going to? The old one or the new one?"

"The new one."

"Ah. That's the one my sister is going to be the principal of."

"Maybe we should give her a heads up that Antonio is going there."

"Maybe. But I think she can handle him. But if it were Camilo, then that would be a different story."

"Oh, yeah. He means well and only uses his gift to play around, but it can lead to some frustrating times. Plus, since his gift is shapeshifting, he can easily cause a lot of trouble."

"Any tips you want me to give my sister if he ever transfers to her school?"

"Only one comes to my mind right now. And that is that while Camilo can shapeshift into any person he desires, he can not make injuries disappear. They will stay there regardless of whether he transforms into someone else or goes back to himself."

"Good to know. I'll tell Emerald once I get back to the house."

"But speaking of your sisters, Jaune." Isabela said, causing Jaune to stop eating his food and turn to face.

"What about them?"

"Why did they seem so against you getting into a relationship?"

"What do you mean?"

"During the lunch, our families had together before the festival. They seemed a bit quick to answer when Camilo asked if you were in a relationship. Sofia said you weren't, and Amber said you won't be for a while."

"Oh, right. Yeah. That's..." Jaune trailed off while scratching the back of his head.

"What happened, Jaune?" Isabela asked, slightly worried.

"Well, despite what many might think, while I didn't have that many friends outside of you and your family growing up, I was once in a relationship."

"Really?" Isabela asked, surprised.

"Yup."

"What happened?"

"Long story short, we ended up breaking up after I learned from my sisters that she cheated on me."

"Oh, I'm so sorry for that, Jaune."

"It's fine. It's the past."

"Still." Isabela said, giving his hand a gentle but assuring squeeze. "So that's why your sisters don't want you to be in a relationship. They don't want you to get hurt."

"Pretty much. They don't want me to get hurt and, as such, have become very judgmental about anyone who is even remotely interested in their baby brother. Now, they will only let someone who meets their standards to be able to date me. And those standards are pretty much impossible to meet."

"So, that's your reason why you didn't want to tell your family about us."

"Yup."

"Well, it's understandable. They are just looking out for you."

"True. That's why I count myself lucky to have such caring, if chaotic, sisters." Jaune said, smiling. Smiling herself, Isabela moved closer to Jaune and leaned her head on his. "But what about your family?"

"As you know, my abuela used to place such ridiculous expectations on me. Now, thankfully, because of Mirabel, she stopped, and I am finally free to discover who I truly am."

"A beautiful flower." Jaune said, causing Isabela to roll her eyes.

"But despite that, and despite our families being friends, I'm not sure they would agree to it or fully accept it."

"Well, you are their daughter. And most families only want what's best for their children."

"True. I just hope they don't freak out too much when we eventually tell them we are a couple."

"Hopefully." Jaune said. They stayed like that, finishing their food and simply enjoying each other's company. After a couple of minutes, they finished their food and stood up.

"Well, that was relaxing. But we better get back to it. I know the children will love it." Isabela said, stretching.

"So, which clothes do you want me to hold or try next?" Jaune asked, moving to the pile of clothes.

But rather than answering, Isabela gained a devious smirk. With a flick of her wrist, she had numerous seaweeds rise from the lake and pull Jaune into it. He let out a scream when he realized what had happened. Thankfully, the lake wasn't that deep, and he had learned how to swim from a young age. So he managed to swim to the top. But no sooner than Jaune did, he had to shield his eyes when Isabela cannonballed into the lake.

"I figured we could have a quick wash before continuing." Isabela said, chuckling.

Smiling but also wanting revenge, Jaune began splashing water at Isabela. She shouted in surprise but quickly started splashing water back at Jaune. Soon, they began circling each other, all the while laughing like the young adults they were. Neither had the advantage, but that changed when Isabela caused a massive flower to rise from the lake and tower over Jaune. And since it rose from the lake, a lot of water soon fell from the plant onto Jaune, creating a sort of waterfall.

"Alright. You win, Isabela." Jaune said, spit out some water from his mouth.

"Seems like it." Isabela said, getting closer so she was a few inches away from him and under the waterfall. They smiled and stayed like that before blushing and looking away.

"We s-should probably get out and dry ourselves before we get sick." Jaune said.

"Well, even if we do get sick, I can have Julieta cook us some food to treat our colds." Isabela said as they grabbed each other's hand and exited the lake.

"True."

"But either, we should get back to work."

"Right." Jaune said as he grabbed some clothes and went behind the rock to change into them. Meanwhile, Isabela giggled to herself before summoning another field of flowers to continue colouring the clothes. This was the most fun she had had in a long time, and she knew more fun times were on the horizon. Yet, it just made the eventual revelation to their families all the more nerve-wracking.

'I just hope our families take it well.' Isabela thought, slightly worried. But those worries left her mind when Jaune reappeared with his goggles already on. And without a warning, she had the flowers shoot their pollen onto him. *'But even if they don't, I'm sure we can find a way to make it work and stay together.'*

One Week Later

Port 9:00 PM

"After this, do we need any other ingredients?" Isabela asked as she focused on her fishing rod, watching it carefully for any sort of movement that might indicate she had a catch.

After finding a book he had gotten from one of the first traders that arrived in Encanto, Isabela and Jaune decided to try to make some of the recipes. They even decided to turn it into a date as they went about collecting all the ingredients. Luckily, most of the ingredients were easy to find, while others allowed Isabela to further see what she could do. And after a few tries, she managed to grow all the

fruits and vegetables they needed. Now, they were at the port, fishing for the next ingredient they needed: the fish Wahoo.

"Let... me see." Jaune said as he grabbed the book and flipped to the right page before looking over the list. "Aside from the Wahoo, we only need mango and jalapeños."

"Done." Isabela said as she effortlessly summoned a mango tree and jalapeño bush before having some vines pluck the ingredients and place them in their basket.

"Show off." Jaune chuckled, causing Isabela to roll her eyes.

"Now, we just need the Wahoo."

"Yup."

Falling into a comfortable silence, Isabela and Jaune focused on their rods while enjoying simply being able to spend time together again without having to worry about their families finding out. And the remnants of the sun peaking over the horizon gave the setting a more romantic feeling, which they appreciated. Soon, without even realizing it, they began to move closer and closer until they were right next to each other with no space between them.

Realizing this, they smiled at each other before turning their attention back to their fishing rods. After a moment, they let out a small yawn. But instead of remaining upright, Isabela laid her head on Jaune's shoulder, causing him to blush. Turning to look at his girlfriend, Jaune could not help but admire how beautiful and happy Isabel looked while also wondering how he got so lucky to be in a relationship with her. Taking a chance, Jaune leaned down and kissed her forehead.

For a moment, Jaune thought he might have crossed a line when Isabela tensed slightly. Yet, his worries went away when she turned to look at him with a smile. But then she did something he was not expecting. Isabela leaned in and brought their lips together in a

sweet, romantic kiss that lasted a few seconds. Afterward, they separated, with Jaune having a dazed look on his face while Isabela had a blissful one.

"That's how you kiss your partner, Jaune." Isabela said, chuckling at her boyfriend's dazed expression.

"Right." Jaune said, his mind still processing everything. However, they both tensed up, with Jaune's mind snapping back to focus, when they heard a familiar voice.

"I KNEW IT! I KNEW YOU TWO GOT TOGETHER!" Nora shouted as she and Ren came racing down the port. Well, Nora was racing down to them while Ren chased after her.

"This... might be a problem." Jaune whispered as they stood up while making sure their rods wouldn't fall into the water.

"Perhaps. Let's see how this plays out." Isabela whispered back as Nora arrived.

"Hey, Nora. Hey, Ren." They greeted.

"Don't hey us." Nora said, sounding slightly annoyed. "When were you two going to tell us?"

"Tell you what?" Jaune asked, feigning innocence.

"TELL US THAT YOU TWO FINALLY GOT TOGETHER!" Nora shouted.

"We aren't-" Isabela began, but Nora cut her off.

"Don't even try to hide it. We saw you two kiss like love birds."

"A-are you-" Jaune began, but the glare from Nora caused him to stop.

"We did. We saw you two kiss." Ren said. While he was slightly hurt that his friend kept it from them, Ren knew that Jaune and Isabela must have had a good reason for doing so. He just needed to know why. "But I have to ask. Why did you two keep it a secret?"

"For different reasons." Isabela said as she and Jaune looked at each other before Jaune silently motioned that he would go first.

"For me, long story short, after something happened, my sisters became very protective of me and are extremely weary of any girl even slightly interested in me. And I did not want them causing any trouble or trying to split Isabela and me apart." Jaune explained.

"And even though I can now be myself and not have to be Señorita Perfecta, I'm not entirely sure if they would accept us being together." Isabela said.

"That makes sense. Just because your families are friends doesn't necessarily mean they would approve of your relationship." Ren said. "Especially since your families had a rough patch a while ago."

"That's an understatement." Jaune said. Even though he did not know the full context of what happened, he knew that it did lead to a rift between the Madrigals and his family.

"We won't pry into what happened, but from how it sounds, it makes sense that your sisters would be protective of you, Jaune. Well... extra protective." Nora said. "But still. You could have told us."

"We could have kept it a secret." Ren said.

"Well, you *CAN* , Ren. But Nora, not really. Sorry, Nora." Jaune said.

"I... want to argue that... but you're right. I'm not that great with secrets." Nora said, remembering a few times she accidentally revealed a secret of someones to someone else. "But I promise, we'll keep it a secret and take it to our graves."

"We know." Jaune said, smiling.

"We trust you." Isabela added, relieved that their secret was safe for the moment from their families.

"But while we agreed to keep our secret, you know that you two will eventually have to come out to your families about it." Ren said.

"We know." Jaune sighed.

"And we will. We just wait for the right moment to tell them." Isabela said.

"Plus, we have to figure out how *exactly* to tell them and how to start so it doesn't go off the rails."

"I am so not looking forward to telling them." Isabela sighed. However, they all tensed up when someone spoke up. While Jaune, Ren, and Nora did not recognize the voice, Isabela did. Even though it 'belonged' to someone else, Isabela had seen him do it enough times to know if the voice belonged to the actual person or someone else.

"You don't need to." The person said.

"Uh. Who was that?" Nora asked, looking around. They soon spotted a 'fisherman' walking toward the end of the pier.

"Who are you?" Ren asked as the fisherman stepped on the ground, looking ready to run.

"Camilo. Don't." Isabela sighed, looking annoyed.

"Don't worry, Isabela. I'll tell them." Camilo said, shapeshifting back to his true form. He then took off back to the village.

"WAIT!" Jaune shouted as Isabela used her gift to summon a field of vines with thrones to try and stop Camilo. She even summoned additional vines all around to try and capture her brother.

Unfortunately, Camilo showed off his agility, speed, and finesse with his gift by effortlessly avoiding everything. And within less than a minute, Camilo disappeared over a hill. "This isn't going to be good."

"No. No, it isn't." Isabela said.

"We should probably head to your home now, Isabela, since your family is going to want to talk with us. And I don't think staying away would help us."

"Right. Let's get this over with."

"Want us to come with you?" Ren asked.

"Actually. Can you drop these ingredients off at my house? We don't want them to go bad." Jaune said, pointing to the nearby basket.

"Sure."

"What about the fishing rods?" Nora asked.

"If it's not too much trouble, can you try and catch two Wahoo fish? We need them for a recipe we're trying to make."

"And any extra you catch, you can keep for yourselves." Isabela added.

"Alright. Want us to take them to the fishmonger and have him package them?" Ren asked.

"If you please." Jaune answered.

"Come on, Jaune. Let's get this over with." Isabela said.

"Right. See you guys later." Jaune said as they left the pier and headed to the Madrigals' home.

Half an Hour Later

"There they are." Isabela said as they approached her home and saw the rest of her family waiting for them.

"Let's get this over with." Jaune nervously said as he could not tell if Isabela's family was angry or happy about this. But he calmed down when Isabela squeezed his hand.

Once they were close enough, Isabela and Jaune braced themselves for whatever was about to happen. And as they were close enough, the rest of the Madrigal family rushed toward them and surrounded them. They all began asking numerous questions so fast that Isabela and Jaune did not have a chance to respond. However, they all went quiet when Alma had Luisa clap a few times, which, due to her gift, was loud enough to be heard from three kilometers away.

"Thank you, Luisa." Alma said with a stern face before turning to Isabela and Jaune. "Now. Tell us. Is it true that you two are together?"

"YES!" Another voice shouted.

"TELL US!" Another shouted. Turning to where it came from, Jaune groaned when he saw his sisters racing toward them.

"You told them as well, Camilo, didn't you?" Isabela asked with a light glare.

"What? I thought you guys needed help. Plus, I remember hearing this phrase about how ripping it off like a band-aid is sometimes the best option." Camilo said, shrugging.

"Well." Alma asked, glaring at the Arc sisters, which was enough to silence them. Yet, they were still furious about the whole thing and did not try to hide it.

"Yes. Isabela and I are in a relationship." Jaune answered.

"When did you two get together?" Amber demanded.

"During the festival."

"Oh, so not that long ago." Julieta said, smiling. Even though she was a bit hurt that her daughter did not tell her she was in a relationship, Julieta was glad it was with someone she knew was a good person. Granted, that was her opinion, and she did not know how the others felt.

"Yes. After my performance, I pulled Jaune to the side so I could tell him about my feelings, which he returned." Isabela said, smiling at Jaune. "After realizing that, we both entered a relationship."

"Ah. That's so sweet. I'm happy for you, Isabela." Mirabel said. Despite having a rocky relationship with her sister for a long time, their relationship has been improving. And to see her sister in a relationship caused her immense joy.

"Thanks, Mirabel."

"Don't change the subject." Emerald growled.

"You should have told us the moment you have gotten into a relationship, Jaune." Azure added.

"Yes. You should have told us, Isabela." Agustín Madrigal chided.

"I know we aren't your parents, but we are still your family." Pepe said, referring to herself and Félix as she paced back and forth. "You should have told us. I know Jaune and the rest of his family are great people. But it could have been an abusive relationship. You could have been forced into it. We could have helped you if that was the case. Telling us would have caused us not to worry as much when you left the house. We all know you can take care of yourself and know how to use your gift to escape any dangerous situation. But there is always a chance something could go wrong, no matter how

small, especially since Encanto is open to the world. If you had told us something, we would have known where to start looking."

"She's right, Jaune. We should have known about this. Just because we know them doesn't mean we know them. For all we know, behind this outward exterior could lie something sinister!" Amber said.

"Mi amor. Calm down. You're creating a storm." Félix said, referring to the winds that were rapidly increasing in speed. Unfortunately, it did not seem like she heard him.

"But since we didn't, we wouldn't know where to begin. But that doesn't mean we won't find you eventually. Of course, we will. However, that will take. And who knows what can happen during that? Anything can happen. Things could have happened that I don't want to think about. Plus, who's to say we would be mad that you're in a relationship? Yes, there's a chance we might not like the person, but that's only after meeting him and learning about him."

"PEPE!" Everyone shouted as the storm had grown to be massive in size. The winds were now threatening to blow everyone away, with lightning shooting out every now and then. Realizing this, Pepe immediately calmed down and did her best to reign in the storm. However, before she could fully get it under control, one final lightning bolt shot out of the storm. And while the Madrigals, Arc sisters, and Jaune managed to duck out of the way, it still struck someone.

"NORA!" Jaune shouted when he realized the lightning struck one of his friends, especially since he could see her hair sticking out in all directions. Once the lightning finished, Nora fell to the ground on the back. For a moment, he was worried she was knocked out. But that changed by what she said next.

"AGAIN!" Nora shouted, getting up without a scratch on her.

"Are you okay?" Julieta asked, worried, as they all rushed to her.

"Yeah. I'm fine." Nora said, jumping to her feet before dusting herself off and fixing her hair.

"How... but... how are you okay?!" Dolores asked, shocked.

"Her semblance lets her channel and produce electricity. So, while unexpected, it just made her stronger." Ren explained.

"Oh." The Madrigals said, relieved.

"Still. Are you sure you are okay?" Mirabel asked, worried.

"Yeah, I'm fine." Nora answered.

"That's good."

"It is. But now we can go back to talking about our brother's relationship with Isabela." Emerald said.

"And how he should have told us the second he got into a relationship or knew that Isabela had feelings for him." Azure added.

"Yes. We can talk about our children's relationship." A new voice said. Turning around, Jaune saw his parents coming toward them.

'Camilo must have also told them.' Jaune thought.

"But in a civilized way and not overwhelming them with questions." Jaune's mother added.

"Indeed." Alma said. "Now. Let's head inside the house so we can discuss this properly."

"But-" Sofia began, but a warning glance from her parents caused her to become quiet.

Ten Minutes Later

"Alright. So let's start from the beginning." Jaune's father said as everyone sat down in the dining room.

"Well. As we told my family, we got together on the day of the festival after my performance." Isabela said.

"And while we got together that day, we had confided in each other that we had feelings for each other for a while." Jaune added.

"Which you should have told us." Amber muttered while crossing her arms.

"How many dates have you been on?" Dolores asked, curious.

"And when was your first date?" Mirabel asked.

"We've been on five dates so far, with the fifth one being today." Isabela answered.

"And the first one was on the day of the festival." Jaune added.

"But... you haven't gone... far... right?" Félix asked, unsure of how to phrase his question. Luckily, it seemed that everyone, minus Antonio and Camilo, understood it.

"No. No. No. No." Jaune said, blushing.

"We haven't done anything like that. The most we have done is cuddle a bit and hold hands." Isabela said, also blushing. "Plus, we just shared our first kiss about an hour ago."

"Aw. That's sweet." Julieta said.

"And how it should be. That intimate part should be saved until after marriage." Alma said in a neutral tone. Yet, everyone could tell she was not one hundred percent happy about the whole thing.

"In some cases, not always." Félix and Agustín said, glaring at Alma. Even though the family had gotten closer since the incident, it was

clear there were still numerous hurdles they needed to overcome and that there was still a rift between some family members.

"But aside from kissing and cuddling, you haven't done anything more intimate, right?" Jaune's mother asked.

"No. Not really." Jaune answered.

"But why did you keep it from us?" Luisa asked, curious.

"Yes. Why?" Pepe asked with the questions from earlier still on her mind.

"Well, that's because, for our son, there wasn't a pleasant experience beforehand." Jaune's father answered.

"And I'm pretty sure we all know the main reason why our daughter decided to keep it a secret from us." Agustín said, with the rest of the Madrigals gaining looks of understanding. Alma breathed in as she knew that Agustín meant her. Yet, she breathed out and kept quiet as she also knew they were right.

"But why didn't you tell your friends?" Camilo asked, curious.

"While I can keep a secret." Ren began. "Nora, not so much."

"Yeah. I'm not the greatest with secrets." Nora said, scratching the back of her head.

"So... what now?" Jaune asked after a moment.

"What else do you want to know?" Isabela asked.

"Well, first. Do you two actually like each other?" Jaune's mother asked.

"Yes." Isabela and Jaune simultaneously answered while moving to hold each other's hand.

"And is it a serious relationship with a chance of marriage or something else?" Bruno asked, wondering if he should use his gift to see a possible future of Isabela's and Jaune's relationship.

"It is a serious relationship." Isabela said.

"It is. Although, I would say we're unsure about the marriage part since we did get together only two weeks ago." Jaune added.

"That's understandable since it is a bit early." Amber said, with the others agreeing.

"But, even though it seems like that is the case, it is still up to the family to decide if you two can continue dating. And-" Azure began but went quiet when her parents gently nudged her arms. After a moment, Alma sighed before clearing her throat.

"It is true that Isabela and Jaune are young adults and can think for themselves. But they are also still growing and need guidance. As such, I believe it is important for the parents to have the final say in this." Alma said before sighing. "And while I am her Abuela, I am not her direct parent. Additionally, I have made many mistakes in the past, which have caused rifts between my children and me, such as the arranged marriage with Mariano. Not only that, but it also caused a fracture in the friendship between the Arcs and Madrigals a while back. Because of all this, while Jaune would not be my first, second, or even third choice, I will refrain from the judgment and leave the decision of the Madrigals to Pepa and Agustín."

"Well." Julieta and Agustín said, looking at each other. Even though they were friends with the Arcs, they did not know that well or personally. Yet, that being said, from what they did know, Jaune and the rest of his family were friendly, respectable people. They Jaune would treat their daughter with respect. Plus, they trusted their daughter's judgment. With all this in mind, they nodded before turning back to the others.

"Well?" Isabela asked, both nervous and excited.

"We approve of this relationship." Agustín said.

"You two have our blessing to continue to date and go further if you wish." Julieta added, smiling.

"Yes. Thank you." Isabela said, smiling and relieved.

"And what about you mom and dad?" Jaune asked, turning to his parents.

"Of course, we approve of this relationship." Jaune's mother answered.

"We trust you. The both of you. Plus, I doubt what happened before will happen again." Jaune's father added.

"Thanks, guys." Jaune said.

"Not entirely sure how to interpret that, but thanks." Isabela added, squeezing Jaune's hand.

"Wait. Don't we-" Emerald began but, again, went silent when their parents glanced at her.

"Now that that is settled, we should all get going." Jaune's father said.

"Yes. It is already quite late." Alma said, glancing at the clock and seeing that it was nearing midnight.

"Good night, everyone." Jaune's mother said as everyone stood up.

"Good night." Everyone else said.

"See you tomorrow, Isabela." Jaune said.

"See you, Jaune." Isabela said, smiling. They then hugged each other before separating. With one final wave of goodbyes, the Arc Family left the house while the Madrigals went to their rooms.

Well, all except two.

"Isabela." Bruno said, getting her attention.

"Yes, Bruno. What is it?" Isabela asked.

"Would you like me to use my gift to see how your relationship with Jaune will be in the future?" Bruno asked. Isabela thought it over for a second before answering.

"No."

"No?" Bruno asked, surprised.

"While it would be nice, I want it to remain a mystery. Sometimes, it's better off not knowing, after all. And while I know there will be hurdles, I'm positive Jaune, and I can overcome them, especially since we don't have any expectations to live up to anymore."

"Alright. But if you change your mind, you know where to find me. Good night." Bruno said before leaving.

Once he was gone, Isabela headed to her room. She then changed into some sleepwear before getting into bed. But despite feeling exhausted, she also felt like a great weight was lifted off her shoulders, knowing her family had accepted her relationship with Jaune. With a final yawn, she rolled over and promptly fell asleep as thoughts about what lay ahead in their future crossed her mind.

Notes:

A request from psytoro7.

To clear a few things up:

This takes place in Encanto's world.

Try as I might, I could not find a specific date when Encanto takes place. The general consensus is that it takes place in the

early 1900's.

While researching a bit more, I could not find the exact extent of Isabela's powers. I.E. As in whether she had full control of them and can make them do what they want, be able to change them anyway she wants, etc.

While semblances are a thing, only Jaune, Ren, and Nora have them.

Name will eventually change as I struggled to come up with a half-way decent one for this story.